

The Mirror

OF

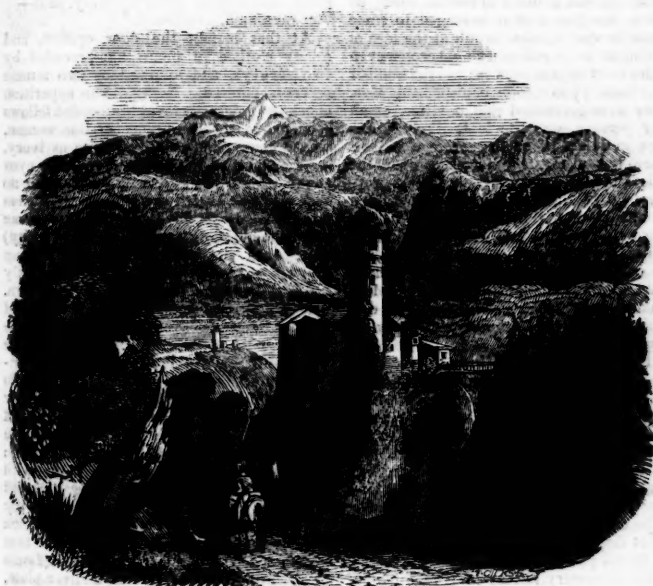
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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KLUMM CASTLE.

Original Communications.

THE LOUIS D'OR.

AFTER a rather long journey, we were surprised, when about two leagues from Landeck, by so violent a storm, that we gave immediate orders to the postillion to stop the horses at the first habitation, with the hope of obtaining shelter. After enduring, as meekly as possible, the unpleasant effects of the pitiless rain for some time, we arrived at the gate of an avenue which led to a castle of an imposing appearance, but whose environs denoted either the sluggish disposition or the absence of

the proprietor. We entered, and made our way, with some difficulty, however—for the road was overgrown with briars—to the castle, expecting only to meet the porter, with whom we hoped to obtain shelter. On reaching the château, and demanding if the proprietor was at home, we were a little surprised at receiving the answer—

“Yes, sir, M. de P—— is within.”

“Be so kind,” I said, “as to take our respects to your master, and tell him that he would confer upon us a very great favour

by allowing us to remain in the hall till the storm abates."

The servant disappeared, and soon returned, saying that we were to consider ourselves at home, that everything should be prepared for our comfort, and that as M. de P—— would dine in half-an-hour, he craved our acceptance of his invitation to dinner. Such an offer, and at such a time, was too good to be refused. We accepted it, at the same time congratulating ourselves on the opportunity afforded us of becoming acquainted with the proprietor, for the sad and solemn aspect of the castle had strongly excited our curiosity. The state of neglect in which this magnificent abode was allowed to remain made us at first imagine that it belonged to some miserable wretch, who shrunk at the idea of drawing from his coffers a single crown even for the most urgent repairs; but the number of servants we saw soon banished this idea, for we were persuaded that a miser, of all other persons, was the least likely to indulge in idlers of so expensive a nature. There was a mystery hanging over the castle and its inmates; the servants wore an aspect of the most solemn kind, and when spoken to, they answered in so low and so trembling a tone, that it seemed as if they were afraid of the sound of their own voices, or that some dreadful calamity would fall upon them if they were heard to speak. My friend, whose mercurial disposition found matter for pleasantry in everything, said—

"I will tell you what, B——, we are like rabbits in a warren—'trapped.' This is, depend upon it, the abode of robbers, and not a morsel shall I eat except they place a pistol on each side of my plate."

I replied—

"If this is actually a den of robbers, their intention is to cut our throats. No bad idea to invite us to dinner. A narcotic powder can be easily mixed up with the food, and a quiet dispatch, you know, is always the best for all parties."

This pleasantry put us in good humour, and we were laughing heartily, when a tall, athletic lackey made his appearance, and told us, half whisperingly, that dinner was ready. We rose, followed two more of equally powerful proportions, who ushered us into the presence of a man far advanced in years, and whose tall, grave figure would have had a venerable appearance, had his countenance not borne a disdainful and unforgiving expression. He received me with lordly politeness, but slightly started on seeing my friend, on whom he fixed his eyes with a look which seemed to denote that he bore him no good will. C——, who was as handsome a young man as I ever saw, seemed, like me, astonished, for this was the first time they had ever met.

The old gentleman then asked us if we had any news from court, and listened to our remarks without making a single comment.

Ten minutes had scarcely elapsed, when we were asked to walk into the dining-room. M. de P——, assisted by two lackeys, followed us. The repast was served up in the most sumptuous manner. On perceiving that the table was laid out for four, and that there were only three of us, my friend's curiosity, as well as my own, became somewhat excited. M. de P—— pointed out our respective places, but instead of sitting down, he remained standing behind his chair, and with an air of mockery, said—

"Be seated, gentlemen."

At that instant the door opened, and a lady clothed in mourning, preceded by two lackeys, and followed by two female servants, entered. Never did an apparition check the gaiety of two giddy headed fellows sooner than the appearance of this woman, whose countenance was as white as ivory, and her hair of the darkest jet. Her eyes shone with a strange, wild lustre, and no expression animated that apparently lifeless head. Madame de P—— (whose name was announced with the greatest solemnity) approached the vacant seat, and turning towards me, then to my friend, slightly inclined her head to each, and sat down. The gaiety and good humour which had marked our entrance gave way to the highest pitch of curiosity. C—— broke the silence, and in the course of the conversation addressed himself several times to Madame de P——, who neither spoke nor touched anything, while M. de P—— treated her as if she were in reality a statue. We made all haste to finish our strange repast: a chillness came over us; and it was with pleasure that we saw the dessert placed before us. Like the dinner, it was truly luxurious; but there was one dish which had more of singularity in it than all that we had hitherto witnessed. It was a Louis d'or placed in the middle of a silver plate, which was put before Madame de P——. We cast an inquiring look at Monsieur and Madame de P——. The countenance of the old man changed not, and that of madame remained inflexible. The dinner was at length finished; we rose, left the castle, and after puzzling our brains with conjectures, we thought no more about it. When we reached Landeck, we hurried on to Constance, without asking any questions respecting the singular inhabitants of the castle.

Several months passed on; and often at the dinner-parties to which we were invited we excited the curiosity of the guests by reciting the most singular incident of our travels—the Louis d'or. Every one was astonished at the account which we gave

of the strange apparition, and each tried to unveil the mystery of what we had seen.

One day, when in company with the Duchess de B—— and the Marquis de V——, who had just arrived from America, where they had been living for fifteen years, I began my accustomed recital, and was proceeding with the description of the dessert and the Louis d'or, when suddenly the marquis, who had been paying no attention to my story, listened attentively. One of the company, who had previously heard the tale, cried, laughingly,

"*Le Diable!* he is at it again. Will he never be done with his inexplicable Louis d'or?"

The Marquis de V—— became agitated, and beseeched me to continue my recital. When I mentioned the name of Madame de P——, and spoke of her marble countenance and of the Louis d'or, his face became as pale as that which I had been describing, and pressing me by the hand, he whispered that he wished to have a word with me in private.

"My dear sir," the marquis said, as soon as we were alone, "Tell me where this castle is situated, and by what means I shall be able to reach it."

I gave him all the necessary information, and thinking, in return for my condescension, that he would tell me the cause of his inquiries, I asked him if he knew the lady. He replied, with a grave air,

"You will know all very soon," and left me.

A short time afterwards, I set sail for the East Indies, and had not long arrived, when a letter from C—— reached me, which unravelled the mystery of the Louis d'or.

The following, according to the servants' account, is a true description of the scene which took place at M. de P——'s.

The Marquis de V—— went to M. de P——'s, and giving his name as the Count de Gravilliers, demanded his hospitality. M. de P—— received him as he had received us, and the dinner was prepared with the same ceremony. When Madame de P—— entered, she screamed on perceiving the marquis, but her husband tried to calm her by saying,

"It is only Count de Gravilliers."

Madame de P—— seated herself, cast her eyes downwards, and became much agitated. At last, the dessert was served up, and with it the inexplicable Louis d'or. The Marquis de V—— demanded, with a careless air, what was the meaning of it. And M. de P—— replied,

"Madame de P—— alone knows the secret."

"I cannot ask madame to relate it," the marquis said; "but in my travels I learnt the history of a Louis, which I will tell

you, and which will cause madame to relate hers after I have finished."

M. de P——, astonished at the audacity of the stranger, said, with a menacing air—"Well, sir, begin your story."

"About twenty years ago," the marquis said, "there was a gentleman, living at St. Gaudens, who was poor, and who had an exceedingly beautiful daughter. She fell in love with a Spaniard, a Marquis de V——, and was tenderly loved by him. The day was fixed for their marriage, and both were happy at the prospect of the future."

At these words, M. de P—— looked attentively at the marquis, and madame trembled involuntarily. The marquis continued, without paying the slightest attention—

"Within a few days of the wished-for period, a German viscount, both old and debauched, met the young girl, was struck with her beauty, asked her hand of the father, who, seduced by the immense wealth of the viscount, gave her up to the old scoundrel."

At that word M. de P—— rose, but the stern look of the marquis seemed to overcome him, for he sat down exasperated. The marquis continued—

"What rendered this marriage more miserable than even the disparity of years, was, that it was the result of an infamous wager. The viscount was the enemy of the Marquis de V——, and he had sworn to be revenged on all that belonged to him. You turn pale, Monsieur de P——! Yes, you guess it. The name of that young girl was Lucille."

M. de P—— was like marble, and his wife seemed insensible to everything. The Marquis de V—— continued—

"He married the young girl, and took her to Klumm Castle. Can you guess what took place there? The viscount continued his disreputable life, and left a sort of valet to watch over the actions of his wife. One evening, as he was returning from the chase with several of his friends, the servant whispered in his master's ear that he had seen a stranger enter his mistress's apartment."

"Do you know what that coquin of a servant of mine has been telling me?" cried the marquis. "He says that my wife is with her old sweetheart. Gentlemen, her apartment has only two doors—the one leads to the dining-room, the other to my offices; be so kind as to watch them, and when the man comes out, seize him."

"The viscount entered his wife's apartment, and found the Spaniard there. In fact, the young man was about to quit the place for Mexico, and had come to take a last farewell of his betrothed, whom he had been so basely deprived of."

"Make no noise," the viscount said; "I know that you have only a brotherly regard for my wife. Tie those curtains to the

window. Fly! I will see you at a future period.'

"As the young man, deceived by this apparent act of generosity, was obeying, scarcely knowing what he did, the viscount said—

"*Apropos*, sir, have the kindness to give me a louis.'

"Wherefore?"

"Oh, I will tell you when we next meet. It is only for a keepsake.'

"The marquis gave him a louis, and when he had reached the ground, the viscount cried—

"You had forgotten, sir, to pay the tax due to women of this kind.'

"The curtains were drawn up, and the young man was obliged to leave the place.

"After that the viscount left the room, asked his companions if they had seen the gallant passing, and on being answered in the negative, he invited them to inspect his wife's apartment. Every corner was searched, and all agreed that the valet had lied. He was afterwards condemned to imprisonment for life for calumniating his mistress. And as to the louis?"

"There it is," M. de P—— said, on rising. "For the last twenty years it has been served up to her in the same manner. I told you that you would know some day why I asked it of you."

"And you told me also," the marquis said, "that we would meet again. I have waited long." Then he added, drawing his sword, "But now I have found you."

"A duel!" the old man cried. "No, that was not my resolution. I will manage the affair without giving you the honour of crossing swords with me."

"Would you assassinate me?" the marquis said. "But that, villain, will not astonish me, seeing that you have nearly brought to the grave that poor innocent woman."

"Well!" M. de P—— cried, seizing a knife, "and you cannot prevent it!"

He was in the act of rising, when a ball penetrated his head, and he fell back in his chair mortally wounded.

This case was afterwards taken before the Toulouse parliament. The Marquis de V—— succeeded in leaving the country, and nothing has been heard of him since. Madame de P—— retired into a convent, and lived for some time after that event. At her death the fatal louis was found upon her person, but no one had ever heard her speak of the mystery with which it was connected.—*From the French of F. Soulié.*

Ruins.—All ruins are delightful. Antiquity is a mighty sorceress, that flings a beauty and an interest around whatever she touches, hallowing even the most commonplace objects to the contemplative eye.—*Gertrude.*

THE CLAIMS OF THE CHRISTIAN ABORIGINES OF THE TURKISH OR OSMANLI EMPIRE UPON CIVILIZED NATIONS.

By W. Francis Ainsworth, Esq.

(Continued from p. 180.)

PART II.—THE PRESENT CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF THE OSMANLI EMPIRE.

THE future destiny of the Osmanli rulers of the aborigines of Turkey in Europe and in Asia is connected with three simple points:

First, the progress of internal modifications to adapt the constitution of the empire, and consequently its capabilities and resources, to cope with the civilization of those around it.

Secondly, the accidental and artificial support which it may receive from European nations, in order to prevent the colossal growth of its natural enemy, the Russian empire; and,

Thirdly, its being able to keep in subjugation the greater intelligence and industry, the increasing numbers and awakening energies, of the Christian aborigines.

In reviewing, in the first place, the primary consideration, we shall adduce first the points in favour of Turkish regeneration, and then discuss such as are opposed to it.

First in the list of favourable circumstances, and standing prominent over all others, are the modern ameliorations in civil and military government.

The reforms of Mahmud had their origin partly from the pressure from without, but still more so from the state of things within the empire itself; and they were carried through by a superior intelligence and the indomitable firmness of the sultan himself. The empire was then in a very critical state. Some of the most powerful pashas, as Ali Pasha of Yanina, and Daoud Pasha of Baghdad, had thrown off their allegiance. There was a deep dread of the Janissaries. Soon after their destruction, in 1826, and the establishment of the nizâm, or regular troops, the Russians invaded the frontier. From the time that peace was concluded with this enemy, Mahmud did not cease to introduce improvements in all the branches of the administration: it is in the practical application alone that they have hitherto generally failed.

The civil and military authority were said to be separated at this early period; yet in the present day the highest rank that possesses only military government is a *livah* pasha, or general of brigade, formerly a pasha with one tail; while all rulers of the rank of *ferik* (pasha with two tails) or *mushir* (pasha with three tails) combine the military with civil authority, a combination long admitted by civilized nations as incompatible with a just exercise of authority.

The right of confiscation was nominally

abolished, and this was anticipated to have the humanizing influence of saving rich Christians and Jews from being destroyed for imaginary crimes; but we have seen by the tragedy enacted at Damascus how far this is to be depended upon, and with regard to Christians it has only altered the manner in which extortion is effected.

Under the same reign military and naval schools, and a college of medicine, were founded at Constantinople; ecclesiastical reforms were permitted and effected among the Christians, by which especially the Armenians regained their patriarchal privileges, and which had been robbed from them by the Roman-catholic schismatics.

Side by side with Mahmud, the Pasha of Egypt was also marching onwards in his vast labour of reforming the population of the long valley of the Nile—a regeneration in which he in some things outstripped his master, but individual ambition destroyed all the advantages that otherwise would have been derived from this promising state of things; the pride of independence begat rebellion and war; the spirit of conquest followed in the train. This was supported by extortion and monopoly, and then poverty and ruin came upon the before smiling lands of Egypt and Syria; yet so great a moral power had the old man raised to himself, and so real were some of the advantages arising from his ameliorations, that while driving him (the pasha) from his Syrian possessions, the powers could not venture to interfere with his claims to the vassalage of Egypt.

After the destruction of the Janissaries, the foundation of regular troops, and the partial adoption of European dresses, there came an administrative document, (*hatti scherif*), which was at once a charter and a boon, not wrung from a limited monarchy by a clanship of powerful barons, nor a compromise between a weak king and an imperious people, but the intelligent, free, and philanthropic grant of a ruler, supposed to be a despot, but in reality a monarch whose means of doing good are thwarted in every direction, and chained by inveterate customs, manners, religion, and prejudices. No greater nor more general mistake exists, than that the Sultan of the Osmanlis is an all-powerful despot: he may be a domestic tyrant, if his turn lies that way, but his public acts are controlled by influences seldom appreciated in Europe in their true light. At present the independence—nay, the very existence—of the sultan depends upon the progress of reform, and yet that very progress, by establishing the supremacy of the Christians, involves the fall of the Osmanli power as much as to remain stationary does. Hence, there is a strong Muhammedan party, who contemplate every concession made to civilization in its true

light; and thus, when the late capitan pasha gave up the fleet to Mehemet Ali, he was a traitor to his king, but not to his party, and he will be restored to power on the first occasion that that party regains the ascendancy. The mufti and ulemas have only one feeling on such a subject. Most of the nobility, a large portion of the administrative power, and all classes and ranks of society among the true Osmanlis, have the same way of thinking. Hence the progress of the reforms contained in the *hatti scherif* have been, beyond the precincts of Constantinople, very slow indeed, and, generally speaking, merely nominal.

The "Commercial Treaty" which Great Britain had the merit of obtaining from the Sublime Porte, is a most prudent and efficient measure of defence and precaution, and was carried through under difficulties of no common order. This treaty really annuls that of Unkiyar Skelessi, if such, in its separate and secret article, was ever looked upon as practically and virtually in force. It is a general manifesto for the benefit of the whole commercial world, and on this account it has been looked upon with jealousy by the mercantile community of Great Britain and others, who would urge the country to war to overthrow a monopoly of any other nation, yet see a virtue in such in their own.

A penal code has been published, and it is to be hoped that, with the progress of intelligence, some men will be found to put its enactments in force; but such have not shewn themselves as yet.

The system of farming the different branches of the revenue has been prohibited, and tax-collectors have in some cases been appointed. This does not operate as yet, because the farmers used to pay in advance, and the collectors can only pay as the money comes in, while the government cannot afford to wait: it might do so, by admitting the sale of landed property to foreigners as legal. They have attempted to do the same thing by an issue of *assignats* with a renewable interest, payable every three months; they have consequently a depreciated currency. These are, however, mere matters of detail in the amelioration of existing institutions, the progress of which is slow, unequal, and often null.

The new scope and character given to the foreign relations of the empire stand prominent among the tokens of improvement. Such cannot but serve materially to enlighten the minds of those who, by their influence and position, are best qualified to reflect them around upon the multitude. The individual tendency to adopt certain European habits and customs, now generally spreading through the empire, connects itself more or less with this order of considerations, but still more so with those of

an increased communication with Europeans, arising from an improving commerce and greater facility of intercommunication.

The introduction of the arts and sciences, and the cultivation of knowledge generally, is also a characteristic of the times. Hundreds of Europeans are now employed as artisans, founders, mechanists, and engineers, throughout the empire. Science, at the same time, prospers. Osmanli youths now frequent the schools of Europe, while a host of instructors in military science, medical practitioners, teachers of languages, &c., spread themselves over the country. Schools for the perfecting these sciences, and more especially mathematics and navigation, have been long in existence. Steam-mills have been erected, museums have been established, libraries founded, and even the fine arts have not been neglected.

The gradual undermining of many inveterate prejudices, and the advance of the principles of toleration, are among the last of the important considerations which present themselves here. The majority of every man's sentiments and principles may, with much propriety, be denominated prejudices. They constitute at once our pre-judgment, our opinions, and our dislike to all that differs from what we have been accustomed to. They are received from parents, teachers, and associates, from peculiarity of rank or position in society, from the particular form of government and religion of our country, from partial reading, and from those numerous and nameless causes and influences which give variety to life, and which impart a specific colouring to every man's character and destiny.

The mass of mankind, in almost every country, are actuated and governed by their prejudices. We, or none other, have a right, under existing circumstances, to look down upon or deride, as is so commonly done, the prejudices of the Osmanlis. Few men either reflect or reason for themselves. If their prejudices happen to be correct, they generally prove orderly and useful citizens and subjects. Many of the Muhammedan prejudices are essentially good; they are strongly prejudiced against uncleanness, falsehood, deceit, and neglect of prayer. Can every so-called Christian say as much? But the prejudices of the human family are not always either good or harmless, nor in favour of truth. The numerous totally dissimilar and contradictory political and religious systems which prevail in the world, and which command the affections of men, incontestably prove that the prejudices of the far greater proportion of our race are erroneous. These prejudices, too, are inveterate. It is scarcely possible to eradicate them from the minds of any considerable number, and it is always dangerous to attack the prejudices of the multitude in

an open and direct manner. Such an attack tends to bind them more strongly to their errors, or, if it should produce an opposite effect, the consequences are oftentimes much more deplorable. The prejudices of the Musulman are founded on his religion, and are propagated through every little feeling and daily act of life. They constitute a part of every thought, accompany every movement, and are complicated with his whole existence. This is a proverbial thing. It is not a harmless prejudice—it is one that is raised in a moment into a flame of opposition, and that carries in its front the fiercest of human passions—rancour, hatred, and revenge. The Muhammedan is not at the present day to be approached by attacking received opinions, but by exhibiting gradually the truth. Prejudices must not be stormed, but sapped at their very foundation. He must be most carefully allowed to have his own way; but a certain impetus having been given, care must be taken always to keep it up. Philosophy, science, and literature will lend their aid. He has himself—and it is a curious phenomenon to contemplate in the moral world—he has himself begun the great work of regeneration, and all the circumstances in which the Osmanli empire is now placed, and the absolute necessities which are entailed by the present state of things, will unite to compel him onward in his course, or to ensure his fall if the supremacy of prejudice should lead him to remain stationary.

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous.

THE SECRETARY OF CHARLEMAGNE.

It can be scarcely necessary to premise that the manners and habits of royal personages in the eighth century differed most widely from those of the present day, and that there is no immediate danger of any such escapade as that recorded of the daughter of Charlemagne disturbing the family happiness of the Tuilleries or Schönbrunn in time to come. In fact, it is too contrary to the fashion of the times; though as far as anything else is concerned, he who can count the sands of the shore or the waves of the sea may set bounds and limits to woman's caprice, for no one else can; and if the dear creatures will fall in love with men for their learning, as Emma did, there is nothing to prevent them now, any more than there was then, unless, that as learned men are to be found at every corner of the street, it is probable that none but learned ladies care a pin about them; and if they would but confine their attentions to the male literati, it would be a great blessing to the simple-minded portion of the community.

The story runs, that the accomplished Egenard, the private secretary of Charlemagne, was also employed in the more interesting and agreeable office of instructing that monarch's fair daughter Emma; and it would appear, from the sequel, that an important part of his system of education consisted in teaching his gentle pupil to conjugate the verb *amo*, which she seems to have learned with considerable willingness; certain it is, that the hours appointed for his instructions passed so much faster than such time commonly does, that the teacher and the disciple found the days a great deal too short for their purposes, and adopting that admirable expedient recommended by the immortal Tom Moore for lengthening them, began "to steal a few hours from the night."

It was, no doubt, a most shocking and improper proceeding for a royal princess to admit her tutor into her bedroom at night: and modern princesses are, it is to be hoped, too carefully instructed not to care for any living being, for anything of the sort to happen now. But the gravity of history requires that such important and interesting facts should not be suppressed or slurred over, even to save the fair fame of a daughter of Charlemagne. And, indeed, if Terpsichore, or whoever else the muse of history was—if there ever was such a person, for considerable doubt hangs about the existence of those nine "charming women,"—recorded nothing worse in her never-ending pages, no one would ever have thought of christening them the devil's scripture, which in truth they are.

The unfortunate night that poor Emma's transgression came to light was just in the beginning of winter; and though the evening had been fine, the first glimmer of the morning sun shewed the court of the palace entirely covered with a light coating of snow, which had fallen unobserved during the night, and which threatened to disclose their secret by retaining the traces of the footsteps of the retiring lover. In this emergency, the young lady, with the ready wit of her sex, bethought herself, as a last resource, of the novel expedient of carrying her beloved on her own back to the gate, hoping that the marks of footsteps out and in would prevent suspicion of the real state of the case, and depending upon the fidelity of the gate-ward, who was in her interest. There was nothing better to be done; and having performed this feat, as she supposed successfully, she returned to her couch just as the grey morning appeared, but, alas! not unobserved.

The cares of state weighing heavily upon her imperial father had already roused him from his slumbers; and as he looked out of his window, he encountered the astonishing spectacle of his own daughter, not particularly burdened with clothing either, carry-

ing his private secretary on her back across the court of his palace of Ingelheim.

Such a sight as this, it may be supposed, drove all state affairs out of his head in an instant, and he had some difficulty in repressing his first natural and imperial impulse, of cutting off both their heads at once, but second thoughts and a hearty breakfast somewhat mollified him; and by the time he had got through his quart of Rhenish and loaf of brown bread, with sausages and onions to correspond, it struck him, that if there was anything disagreeable to be done, in consequence of the peculiarities of the past night, he might just as well throw the blame of it upon his council; and he decided upon convening that grave body forthwith, and laying before it about as queer a question as ever senate deliberated upon.

When the forms and ceremonies of assembling the peers and paladins—which on this occasion were so much abridged as hardly to require four hours—were gone through, the good king, who rather winced at the exposure of his daughter's frailty, put the difficult question that was to be dealt with, more in the shape of an abstract proposition than a direct accusation, and demanded of his collective wisdom an opinion as to what should be done to a king's daughter who should so far forget herself as to behave in the manner described.

Now, it is well known that every deliberative assembly has had an instinctive horror of an abstract question from time immemorial; and no wonder, for those perplexing propositions in some degree resemble rockets in warfare—they look very well at starting, but no man knows how far they will go, or what turns they may take, or whether they will ultimately hit friend or foe: so the pillars of the state were considerably puzzled. Had a trembling and fettered wretch stood before them for judgment, they would have known exactly what to do, for they would of course have concluded that the emperor could never have brought such a criminal to trial for such an offence without intending and expecting a conviction; and they would have at once sentenced her to be burned, or hanged, or drowned, or whatever else seemed likely to gratify her father, and so disposed of the matter out of hand. But a categorical inquiry cannot be subjected to capital punishment, (the more is the pity, for many of them deserve it richly;) and so the council, having no tangible object whereupon to display their sense of justice, were fain to lean to the side of mercy, and returned with one voice the answer, that if such an event should happen, it would be wise to forgive her. The next question, what was to be done with the audacious lover, was a little more difficult; but here mercy

also ultimately prevailed, for the reason above mentioned, and the council returned the same answer as to the first, that it would be wise to forgive him.

The emperor, turning with a stern frown to his trembling secretary, demanded what he thought was the fit reward for such treachery. "He deserves death," returned the detected culprit, with downcast looks and a faltering voice, for he saw that he was lost. "Not death, Sir Egenard," gravely said the emperor; "death for love were hard measure, yet he deserves little mercy. Thanks, my lords, for your counsel; the assembly is dismissed." The peers retired, and when the chamber was cleared, the emperor, sternly ordering the unhappy Egenard to follow him, proceeded to the chamber of his daughter.

Poor Emma's heart sank within her, as she saw her father approach, followed by his luckless secretary. The storm that lowered on his brow boded no good to either. He stood for a few minutes, silent, but regarding her with a look of annihilating displeasure, and then broke out—"Take, degenerate minion, the worthless life that my foolish mercy spares you, and hide it, with the dishonour you have brought upon your house, in the woods and the wilds! Depart, ere night, from Ingelheim, and never let me see you or your paramour again!"

Sternly, and without adding one single word, or even looking at his daughter again, the emperor strode out of the chamber, leaving the unfortunate pair to make what hasty preparations they could for their departure.

It was a melancholy parting from her home and her friends, when the unhappy Emma, supported by her faithful lover, stole like a criminal from the ancient palace of her race; and her place was thenceforth vacant at the banquet. No man ventured to mention her name in the presence of her incensed and unforgiving parent; neither did he ever ask a single question about her fate, yet would a cloud of passing sadness darken from time to time on his brow, as if there were thoughts working within that he would not acknowledge; still he never spoke of her again, and it seemed as if the memory of his lost one were fast dying away in the mind of Charlemagne.

Years rolled away thus, and no more was heard of the guilty pair, until one day, as the emperor was relaxing his overloaded mind from the troubles and turmoils of a mighty empire in the amusement of the chase, in the neighbourhood of the Main, he suddenly found that he had lost both his way and his suite in the forest, and wandered he knew not whither, until he lighted upon an inhabited spot, upon the banks of a

tiny rivulet, on one side of which might be seen the cell of a hermit, and on the other a humble cottage, in front of which a fine boy of about six years of age was playing.

The child, not alarmed at the approach of the stranger, gazed boldly upon him as he rode up; and in answer to his inquiry where his parents were, said that his father was in the forest, but his mother at home, and he would run and fetch her. In a few minutes he returned, leading by the hand a matron, upon whom time as yet had made little impression, and in whose air and manner there was a quiet dignity that seemed to accord little with her lowly condition; for the cottage was of the humblest proportions, and a few roods of garden ground, together with a cow or two, seemed to be their only possessions.

Though manifestly somewhat startled and perturbed at the appearance of the stranger knight, she courteously bid him welcome to what their little cottage afforded; adding, that when her husband returned from his labour of cutting wood, he should guide him to a road that would take him out of the forest. Here, however, the boy, who had already got hold of the hunter's sword, which seemed to attract him greatly, vehemently put in his claim to perform that office, appealing, in proof of his capability, to a certain passage of arms between himself and a wolf-cub, during the preceding winter, the issue of which might be conjectured from a bodiless head that grinned horribly over the cottage door.

Pleased at the child's spirit, the grave warrior unbent; and indulging in a hearty game of romps with the boy, whilst the mother was preparing some refreshment for him, forgot alike the cares of empire and the loss of his own way, and enjoyed himself as if he had never known war, politics, or domestic afflictions. But even as the excitement of the moment drew out the expression of the delighted child's countenance, there was a something in it that saddened the spirit of the mighty sovereign. Visions of other and sunnier days seemed to flit before his eyes, conjured up from the shadowy realm of memory by the laughing blue eyes before him; dreamy and indistinct recollections of the past and the lost struggled in the troubled depths of his heart; till the high spirits of the young forester fell, as he remarked the deep abstraction in which the majestic stranger seemed to be plunged. He sat still and silent for some time, and was hardly roused from his reverie by the entrance of his hostess, nor did he raise his eyes until she placed before him the simple repast she had been preparing.

The emperor started as if he had been stung by a serpent. That very mess of potage—that he encountered so unexpectedly

in the wilds of the forest—he had not seen for years; but he had been accustomed, in other and happier days—such were the simple manners of the time—to receive it from the hands of his beloved Emma, who alone could prepare it as he liked it. Never since her departure had it been presented to him: a flood of recollections burst tumultuously upon his soul—a glance at the blushing and trembling figure that stood before him was sufficient. And the woodsman, Egenard, who entered the cottage at this moment, found his beloved Emma clasped in the delighted embrace of her royal father.

The followers of the emperor, who arrived almost immediately afterwards, were much surprised to find the sovereign melted into tears, in the cottage of a peasant; but there were few among them who did not recollect the too-loving Emma and the presumptuous secretary. And, indeed, some have gone so far as to say that it was not altogether chance that led the hunters in this direction, or occasioned the unaccountable absence at that moment of many high dignitaries of the empire from their proper place in the field or the chase—the side of their sovereign.

The chieftains of a mighty realm shed tears of joy when they saw that the gnawing worm was gone, and that the fairest flower in the land was to return to the imperial halls of Ingelheim. A few hours saw the train in motion; and the farewell address of the overjoyed Emma to the wood that had sheltered her in her adversity, beginning, "O du wald," is said to have given its name to the Odenwald; whilst the neighbouring village of Seligenstadt, on the Main, as popular report avers, took its new appellation from the first exclamation of the grandfather, "Seelig sey der ort genannt wo ich auf's neue meine Emma gefunden habe!" "Blessed be the spot called where I have found again my Emma!"

He granted broad lands in that neighbourhood to the loving pair; and their blood is said yet to survive in the noble race of the Counts of Erbach, in Hesse Darmstadt, to whose chief, the Grand Duke of Hesse lately presented, as representing their race, the coffin which had held the mortal remains of Egenard and Emma, which is still to be seen in their princely castle of Erbach in the Odenwald.—*Traditions of Western Germany.*

AN IRISH INSURGENT OF THE LAST CENTURY.

It is a refreshing task to record an incident so opposite in character to those which too frequently stain the annals of 1798, and succeeding spring; but, as it is not the only

instance of high feeling in an Irish peasant, it must be considered as an occasional trait of character among a people who are not supposed to be over-indulgent to their enemies, however kindly they may be disposed towards their friends.

At the first dawn of a spring morning, in 1799, a fine athletic young man, equipped in the usual frieze garb of an Irish peasant, aroused himself from his lair, in a furze brake, on a hill-side, in the county of Wexford; and, as he sprang on his feet, he hastily brushed away with his horny palms the thorns and seeds which clung to his soiled dress; while, at the same time, he looked around him with anxious, searching eyes. But, as no living thing met his gaze, he seized hold of his never-failing coadjutor,—a good, stout, well-seasoned black-thorn shillelagh,—and began to wend his way towards the town of Newtownbarry. His trusty "boxing-stick" he ever and anon clenched in his iron fist, while he gave it a rapid flourish round his head, as if impatient of seeking for a fit subject to exercise its toughness on.

"Iv I had that black-hearted Orange villain, Colonel O——, here in my grip, maybe I wouldn't give him his tay in a mug!"* he exclaimed, as he made the black-thorn whistle round his head with the velocity of an Australian's boomerang. "Och, bathershin! maybe I wouldn't!"—and then another flourish of the black-thorn.

The cheering influence of the opening day, so animating to all the living creation, imparted an elasticity to his step, which now and again broke a "one, two, three, and cut the buckle" caper. Then he would chant a snatch of one of the mirthful melodies of his country; but, as he journeyed on, a painful thought would, in spite of this buoyancy of spirits, obtrude itself, and check the exuberant levity which a moment before exercised its influence over his stout frame. The blood would rush to his cheeks, and as suddenly forsake them, as he alternately turned his thoughts from scenes of blood and strife to the softer—the better feelings of his nature. His wife!—his children!—where were they? Wandering beggars on the world's wide waste! His home!—alas! he had none. The recollection of domestic scenes filled his heart, till the tear-drops became too big for the distended eyelids to contain them. The uncertainty of his children's fate, and of the destiny which awaited them and him, added anguish to his already excited feelings.

When in this state of mind, he gained the summit of a rising-ground, where he stopped, and brushed away the tears from his eyes; then casting a mournful glance

* "Give him his tay (tea) in a mug."—equivalent to the London slang—"Serve him out."

on the spot where his dwelling had once stood, his brain reeled at the sight of the heap of blackened rubbish, which told too plainly the fate of his little property,—the destruction of his all.

Darby Kelly had been one of the most active and daring insurgents during the brief and sanguinary strife of '98. He had hitherto escaped the vigilance, and consequently the vengeance of the magistracy, who had offered a reward for his apprehension. In those times, for one who had offended as Kelly had done, to be taken was to be condemned. He was now traversing this by-road near Newtownbarry, in hopes of meeting with his wife and children, or at least of learning something of their fate; and since the rude, unnatural din of arms and civil strife had ceased, and no longer incited brother to rise in mortal combat against brother, he was not without hopes that his errors and offences would be pardoned and forgotten.

These were the objects which had caused him to return to the vicinity of his former habitation; but the sight of the charred and sooty ruins had given another turn to his resolution. His mind, which, since the clash of arms had ceased, had become calm, was now again lashed into fury at the remembrance of his wrongs; and in the anguish of his heart he cried aloud, "The villains, the unfeeling villains, to burn my house, to destroy the shelter its roof afforded to an unoffending woman and her helpless children; to burn the corn, which was given by a bountiful Providence for their support! The devils who did this shall feel the strength of my revenge!"

He then paused for a moment, as if meditating what course to pursue; his mind soon became concentrated on one object, that of inflicting injury on his oppressors, and he determined to be revenged on Colonel O——, as the author of all his misfortunes.

In this state of feeling, his breast swelling with emotion, his brain excited to madness, he proceeded on his journey; when, suddenly turning an abrupt angle in the road, he was startled at beholding the apparently lifeless body of a military officer lying in the ditch at the road side, while a horse, fully caparisoned, with its bridle and saddle on, from which the officer had evidently been thrown, was quietly grazing at his side; and also close beside him sat a small spaniel, who looked wistfully in his master's face.

Kelly stooped down to assist the fallen officer, gazed for an instant on the swollen and empurpled face which was turned towards him—started back with the rapidity of thought—his brow suddenly became crimsoned with rage—his eyes flashed fire—his teeth became clenched with a convulsive effort—and his whole frame quivered with excitement; his stick was poised in

his clenched hand—he glanced around with marks of caution, as if to be assured that no eye was there to witness the deed he was about to commit. "Revenge is now within my reach!" he cried; and a cold, convulsive, bitter laugh shook his frame. He advanced, with raised arm, as if about to crush the object of his deadly hatred. He stopped—he paused, as if again to revel in the thought of realizing his meditated vengeance. There lay his enemy prostrate and helpless beneath him—no eye to bear witness against him. It was Colonel O——, his deadliest and most unrelenting persecutor—who had burned his little property—who had hunted him as the beagle tracks the hare, thirsting for his blood—whose enmity had unceasingly pursued him till he wandered an outcast and a beggar in his native land. The blood rushed through his veins like liquid fire—he stepped back a pace or two, as if to give impetus to the blow he was about to inflict, and again to dwell on the delightful thought of gratifying his revenge. He again paused for a moment—in that moment a mental combat was waging within; compassion was contending with revenge in his bosom for the mastery. One thought of his wife and helpless children turned the scale:—his better nature prevailed,—his thirst for the life of his enemy passed away;—by a violent effort he cast away his stick far from him,—he could not crush a man so utterly incapable of defending himself, so completely at his mercy. The cloud which had gathered on his brow passed away, as he ejaculated with deep emotion—

"I cannot act a coward's part. I cannot harm the gentleman. I cannot take advantage of a defenceless man, though that man has been the destroyer of my house and property."

Here was the true working of the Samaritan precept. When you are about to commit a doubtful act, pause; when you are certain the act is a virtuous one, give it not a second thought. Accordingly Kelly raised the unfortunate Colonel from the ground, placed him gently against the bank for support,—ran to an adjacent brook, used his hat as a bucket, returned and washed and sprinkled the Colonel's face with water,—chafed his temples till animation returned. By these means the Colonel was presently sufficiently restored for Kelly to carry and place him on his horse. Kelly, then, with a magnanimity above common minds, supported him whom he considered as his bitterest enemy, and conducted him in perfect safety to his home.

The rest is soon told. The Colonel, who was a violent partisan magistrate, had dined the preceding evening in Newtownbarry, with several other military officers, and, according to the fashion of the times, "and the custom of war in like cases," had indulged to excess

in the bacchanalian festivities of the evening. In attempting to return home in the extreme darkness of the night, his centre of gravity being "nowhere," he had fallen headlong into the ditch, where Kelly fortunately discovered him in his last extremity. It would be unjust not to add, that Colonel O—, on his recovery, exerted himself in favour of Kelly, represented his noble conduct to government, obtained his pardon, rebuilt his cabin, and ever after behaved with great kindness to his preserver.

This anecdote is quite illustrative of the chequered feelings of Irish peasants, who are one moment softened by compassion or incited by generosity of sentiment, while at the next the most sanguinary deeds are scarcely sufficient to satisfy their cravings for the "wild justice of revenge."

They are, in fact, a people whose virtues are as a precious jewel in the mine; their vices as the rubbish which surrounds and obscures its lustre.—*United Service Mag.*

A SCENE FROM EDWIN THE FAIR.

An Historical Drama.

BY HENRY TAYLOR, AUTHOR OF "PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE."

A Chamber in the Tower.—DUNSTAN and EDWIN.

DUNSTAN.

How does your Grace?

EDWIN.

What need for you to ask?

Let me remind you of an antique verse:

*What sent the messengers to hell
Was asking what they knew full well.*

You know that I am ill and very weak.

DUNSTAN.

You do not answer with a weakened wit.

Is there offence in this my visitation?

If so, I leave you.

EDWIN.

Yes, there is offence.

And yet I would not you should go. Offence

Is better than this blank of solitude.

I am so weary of no company,

That I could almost welcome to these walls

The devil and his angels. You may stay.

DUNSTAN.

What makes you weak? Do you not like your food,
Or have you not enough?

EDWIN.

Enough is brought;

But he that brings it drops what seems to say
That it is mixed with poison—some slow drug;
So that I scarce dare eat, and hunger always.

DUNSTAN.

Your food is poisoned by your own suspicions.
'Tis your own fault. Tho' Gurmo's zeal is great,
It is impossible he should so exceed
As to put poison in your food, I think.
But thus it is with kings; suspicions haunt
And dangers press around them all their days;
Ambition galls them, luxury corrupts,
And wars and treasons are their talk at table.

EDWIN.

This homily you should read to prosperous kings;
It is not needed for a king like me.

DUNSTAN.

Who shall read homilies to a prosperous king!
'Twas not long since that thou didst seem to prosper,
And then I warned thee; and with what event
Thou knowest; for thy heart was high in pride.
A hope that, like Herodias, danced before thee,
Did ask my head. But I reproach thee not.
Much rather would I, seeing thee abased,
Lift up thy mind to wisdom.

EDWIN.

Heretofore

It was not in my thoughts to take thy head;
But should I reign again—Come then, this wisdom
That thou wouldst teach me. Harmless as the dove
I have been whilome; let me now, though late,
Learn from the serpent.

DUNSTAN.

To thy credulous ears

The world—or what is to a king the world,
The triflers of thy court—have imaged me
As cruel and insensible to joy,
Austere and ignorant of all delights
That arts can minister. Far from the truth
They wander who say thus. I but denounce
Loves on a throne and pleasures out of place.
I am not old; not twenty years have fled
Since I was young as thou; and in my youth
I was not by those pleasures unapproached
Which youth converses with.

EDWIN.

No! wast thou not?

How came they in thy sight?

DUNSTAN.

When Satan first

Attempted me, 'twas in a woman's shape;
Such shape as may have erst misled mankind;
When Greece or Rome appeared with pagan rites
Temples to Venus, pictured there or carved
With rounded, polished, and exuberant grace,
And men whose dimpled changefulness betrayed,
Thro' jocund hues, the seriousness of passion.
I was attempted thus, and Satan sang
With female pipe and melodies that thrilled
The softened soul, of mild voluptuous ease
And tender sports that chased the kindling hours
In odoriferous gardens or on terraces,
To music of the fountains and the birds,
Or else in skirting groves by sunshine smitten,
Or warm winds kissed, whilst we from shine to shade
Roved unregarded. Yes, 'twas Satan sang,
Because 'twas sung to me, whom God had called
To other pastime and severer joys.
But were it not for this, God's strict behest
Enjoined upon me,—had I not been vowed
To holiest service rigorously required,
I should have owned it for an angel's voice,
Nor ever could an earthly crown, or toys
And childishness of vain ambition, gauds
And tinsels of the world, have lured my heart
Into the tangle of those mortal cares
That gather round a throne. What call is thine,
From God or man, what voice within bids thee
Such pleasures to forego, such cares confront?

EDWIN.

What voice? My kingdom's voice—my people's cry.
Whom ye devour—the wall of shepherds true
Over their flocks, those godly, kindly priests,
That love my people and love me withal—
Their voice requires me and the voice of kings
Who died with honour and who live in me,
The voice of Egbert, Ethelbert, and Alfred.
What wouldst thou more? the voice of kings unborn,
To whom my sceptre and my blood descends—
A thousand voices call me!

DUNSTAN.

Sir, not so.

The voices of this people and these kings
Call on Prince Edgar, not on thee, to reign.
There is a voice calls thee, but not to reign,
The voice of her thou fain wouldst take to wife;

An excommunicated wretch she is
 Even now, and if thy lust of kingly power
 Outbid thine other lusts, and starken thee
 In grasping of that shadow of a sceptre
 That still is left thee, 'tis a dying voice.
 For know—unless thou by an instant act
 Renounce the crown, Elgiva shall not live.
 The deed is ready, to which thy name affixed
 Discharges from restraint both her and thee.
 Say, wilt thou sign?

EDWIN.

I will not.

DUNSTAN.

Be advised.
 What hast thou to surrender? I look round;
 This chamber is thy palace, court, and realm.
 I do not see the crown. Where is it hidden?
 Is that thy throne? why 'tis a base joint-stool;
 Or this thy sceptre? 'tis an ashen stick,
 Notched with the days of thy captivity.
 Such royalties to abdicate, methinks,
 Should hardly hold thee long. Nay, I myself,
 That love not ladies greatly, would give these
 To ransom whom I loved.

EDWIN.

If all I have
 Be nothing worth, why ask'st thou me to give it?
 I trust thee not. I deem myself a king.
 But let me go at large, and knowing then
 How stands my realm, what's lost and what
 remains,
 I'll answer thee.

DUNSTAN.

Now, now, I bid thee answer.
 Anon I bring the parchment that redeems
 Another and thyself, both from captivity,
 And one from worse. I bid thee be prepared.

[Exit.

EDWIN.

Elgiva! for thy ransom, life were little,
 A kingdom in itself of no account.
 But oh! an abject and unkingly act
 Done by a king, and as his foes will say,
 To save himself in his extremity,—
 This is a purchase thou thyself wilt scorn,
 Although thyself the rescued. Yet, oh! yet—
 What step is this?

Enter EMMA.

EMMA.

My lord, the abbot comes,
 And I am here at peril of my life—
 This from Earl Leolf—it says the queen is safe—
 No more, or I am lost—Earl Athulf—nay—

[Exit.

EDWIN (after reading the letter).

Farewell, then, loved Elgiva! I shall die,
 As now I may, with honour from mankind,
 And no one in thine ear shall dare to breathe
 A defamation of my kingly name.
 They shall not say but that I died a king,
 And like a king in my regalities.

Re-enter DUNSTAN (holding a scroll).

DUNSTAN.

Thy signature to this.

EDWIN.

I will not sign.

DUNSTAN.

Thou wilt not! Wilt thou that thy mistress die?

EDWIN.

Insulting abbot! she is not my mistress;
 She is my wife, my queen.

DUNSTAN.

Predestinate pair!
 He knoweth, who is the Searcher of our hearts,
 That I was ever backward to take life,
 Albeit at His command. Still have I striven
 To put aside that service, seeking still
 All ways and shifts that wit of man could scheme,

To spare the cutting off your wretched souls
 In unrepented sin. But tendering here
 Terms of redemption, it is thou, not I,
 The sentence that deliverest.

EDWIN.

Our lives

Are in God's hands.

DUNSTAN.

Sot! liar! miscreant! no!
 God puts them into mine! and may my soul
 In tortures howl away eternity,
 If ever again it yield to that false fear
 That turned me from the shedding of thy blood!
 Thy blood, rash traitor to thy God, thy blood!
 Thou delicate Agag, I will spill thy blood!
 Ho, Gurmo!—I have sinned like Saul.—What, ho!
 Gurmo, I say—the sword of Samuel—Ho!

Enter GURMO.

Thou knowest thine office. Let me see thee soon.

[Exit.

GURMO (falling on his knees).

Mercy, my lord! I pray your grace to spare me!

EDWIN.

Mercy for thee! What mercy canst thou shew?
 Yet thou art but another's senseless weapon,
 And if thou needs must do thy bloody work,
 Strike! I forgive thee.

GURMO.

Gracious lord, 'not I.

EDWIN.

Then I may have some minutes more to live.
 But if thou falter, soon will the abbot find
 A readier hand.

GURMO.

He knows not what I know.

EDWIN.

What dost thou know?

GURMO.

Hark! Hear you not, my lord?

(Trumpets are heard without the walls.)

Trumpets and shouts! Anon they storm the tower.

EDWIN.

'Tis Athulf's cry! the guards are gone! 'Tis he!
 [Exeunt.

HEALTH OF PRISONS.

(From the Report on the Sanitary Condition of the
 Labouring Population of Great Britain.)

SINCE Howard succeeded in gaining national attention to the condition of prisoners, the evils of prison management have been removed. A large proportion of the prison population is taken from the worst regulated and most confined neighbourhoods, which have been the subject of examination; and, with the view to judge what might be effected by sanitary regulations, I have made frequent inquiries as to the effects of sanitary measures on the worst class of persons, the larger proportion of whom are taken from the worst neighbourhoods, that is, as to the effects of living in the same atmosphere, on a less expensive diet than that of the general labouring population, but provided with clean and tolerably well-ventilated places of work and sleeping-rooms, and where they are required to be cleanly in their persons.

The medical practitioners, who are well acquainted with the general state of health of the population surrounding the prisons, concur in vouching to the fact, upon their own knowledge, that the health of the prisoners is in general much higher than the health almost of any part of the surrounding population; that the prisoners, as a class, are below the average of health when they enter the prisons; that they come from the worst neighbourhoods; that many of them come from the lodging-houses, which, in those towns, as will be shewn, are the constant seats of disease; that they are mostly persons of intemperate habits; that many of them come in in a state of disease from intemperance and bad habits; and, notwithstanding the depressing influence of imprisonment, the effect of cleanliness, dryness, better ventilation, temperance, and simple food, is almost sufficient to prevent disease arising within the prison, and to put the prisoners in a better working condition at the termination than at the commencement of their imprisonment. At the Glasgow Bridewell, the prisoners are weighed on their entrance and at their discharge, and it is found that, on the average, they gained in weight by their imprisonment.* At Edinburgh, there were instances of poor persons in a state of disease committed from motives of humanity to the prison, that they might be taken care of and cured. The tables are to be taken as shewing imperfectly the comparative effects of the different circumstances, because when a labourer is obliged to leave work he loses wages; and it is known of large classes of them, that they often work improvidently and injuriously to their chances of recovery by continuing at work in impaired health too long; the prisoner, on the contrary, by absence on the sick-list, gains ease and exemption from slave labour; and the officers have constantly to contend against feigned sickness to avoid taskwork and punishment. It should also be noted, that a large proportion of the sickness of the prisoners is of a character that is excluded from the tables of all insurance, from the benefit societies, as being specially excluded from their benefits.

The returns from the prisons in England up to the year 1834-5 (which do not, however, give the days of sickness, but only the number of prisoners attacked with sickness during the period for which the return was made) further corroborates these results. Even in the Millbank Penitentiary, the

* Thirty-three males who were imprisoned for six months gained 37 lbs. total weight; five females gained 19 lbs.; twenty-two males, confined during twelve months, gained 51 lbs.; eight females, during the same period, gained 51 lbs.; seven males in eighteen months gained 54 lbs.; and two females 10 lbs. At Edinburgh also they were weighed, and, on the whole, they gained.

situation of which is insalubrious, the average annual amount of sickness to the prisoners who are confined two years and a half is only about eight days to each person, which, for the average age, is little above the standard obtained from the experience of the East India Company's labourers. The sickness amongst the Metropolitan Police is about 10½ days per annum for each of the force, 2½ per cent. being constantly on the sick list. The sickness in the army is on the average 14½ days each soldier. Mr. Finlaison informs me he can venture to state, that were any benefit society to use scales of premiums founded on the prison experience, they would inevitably be insolvent in less than three years.

M. Villermé has shewn the diminution of mortality that has taken place in the prisons of France, chiefly from stricter attention to cleanliness, ventilation, and diet, to be equally striking. At Lyons, from 1800 to 1806, the annual mortality in the prisons was 1 in 19; from 1806 to 1812, it was 1 in 31; from 1812 to 1819, it was 1 in 34; and from 1820 to 1826, 1 in 43. A similar amelioration has also been remarked in the prisons of Rouen, and some other large towns in that kingdom.

ANECDOTE OF STORKS.

THERE are great numbers of these birds in the south of Russia: before migrating, which they always do at the approach of winter, they assemble from all parts, and kill the young ones that are not strong enough to accompany them in their long flight. This characteristic is remarkable, and in strong contrast to the affection they generally display towards their young. Of this, the following anecdote, related to me by a merchant of my acquaintance, is an example. He was on his way to Kharkoff, when he observed one evening several peasants assembled round something in a field near a village; ordering the yemstchik to stop, he alighted from his carriage, and went up to them to see what was going on. Arriving at the spot, he found that they were looking at two dead storks, which were lying on the grass; and upon his inquiring the reason of their taking such an interest in these birds, one of the bystanders gave him the following singular account of their death:—The storks had a nest in the field they were then lying in: the hen bird had been seen sitting that morning, the male having left her, as usual, in search of food; during his absence, the lady, either with the same intention, or to have a bit of gossip with some of the female storks in the neighbourhood, also took her departure. No sooner had she left her nest, than a species of hawk very common in the steppe, seeing the eggs unprotected, pounced

upon and sucked them. A short time after this, the male bird returned, and finding them destroyed, he threw himself down upon the shells, and gave way to every demonstration of grief. The female also returned; but immediately he observed her coming, he ran up, attacked her with his beak, and seizing her between his claws, soared up with her to a great height. He then compressed his own wings, and both falling to the ground together, they were killed.—*Captain Jesse.*

ON ACCIDENTS UPON THE RAILWAYS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

BY C. R. WELD, ESQ.

(Read before the Statistical Society of London, 18th April, 1842.)

A VOLUMINOUS report lately presented to parliament by the officers of the railway department, furnishes matter of so much general importance, that it has been thought a few of the facts laid before the society in a concise manner would prove interesting. With this view, the returns have been reduced to a form calculated to meet the desired object, and the original tables have undergone all the analysis of which they are susceptible. The amount of traffic for the whole of the past year on the various railways has not been yet returned, but the returns for the half-year ending 1st July, 1841, are given, and are as follows:—the number of persons carried on 50 railways amounted to 9,122,613, of whom 1,530,040 occupied first-class carriages, 4,144,169 second-class carriages, 2,357,745 third-class carriages, and 1,090,659 carriages not classed.

The number of trains amounted to 99,422, which gives 91·3 persons to each train.

The lines on which the trains travel at the greatest speed are as follows:—

	Average speed, exclusive of stoppages.
Northern and Eastern . . .	36 miles per hour.
Great Western . . .	33 "
London and Brighton . . .	30 "
Newcastle & North Shields . . .	30 "
Midland Counties . . .	29 "
North Midland . . .	29 "
London and Birmingham . . .	27 "

On the Leipsic and Dresden Railway the maximum speed is fixed at ten minutes for every geographical mile, which is equal to 20½ miles per hour.

The receipts arising from the foregoing number of passengers amounted to 1,145,386*l.* 7*s.* 4*d.*, of which 281,087*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* was received from first-class passengers, 231,046*l.* 3*s.* 7*d.* from second-class passengers, 68,515*l.* 3*s.* 1*d.* from third-class passengers, and 564,737*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.* from classes of passengers not described.

I shall now give the number of accidents

that occurred, specifying their nature and consequence; it is, however, much to be regretted that the act of parliament does not enable the officers to obtain returns of accidents attended with danger to the public, unless personal injury is actually sustained.

CLASS 1.

The following is the number of accidents attended with personal injury, arising from causes beyond the control of passengers, from August, 1840, to December 31, 1841:—

Nature of Accident.	Number of Accidents.	Killed.	Injured.
Collision	27	12	126
Engine or train breaking	9	4	14
Run off the line	12	26	59
Run over	4	3	1
Fell off	5	1	4
Total	57	46	203

Of the 57 accidents, 28 occurred in the five latter months of 1840, and only 29 in the year 1841.

CLASS 2.

Accidents attended with personal injury to individuals owing to their own negligence or misconduct:—

Nature of Accident.	Number.	Killed.	Injured.
Run over	31	18	14
Fell off	5	2	3
Jumped off	15	2	13
Crushed by engine	1	1	—
Total	52	23	30

Of which 16 occurred in the latter five months of 1840, and 36 in 1841.

CLASS 3.

Accidents attended with personal injury to servants of the company under circumstances not involving danger to the public:—

Nature of Accident.	Number.	Killed.	Injured.
Collision	4	—	4
Fell off	14	5	10
Jumped off	7	3	3
Run over	46	30	19
Crushed	15	2	12
Boiler burst	2	3	10
Wagon overturned	1	—	2
Train run off the line	1	1	—
Struck by a bridge	4	2	2
Total	95	46	62

Of which 35 occurred in the latter five months of 1840, and 60 in 1841.

This return is incomplete, as the officers have not called upon railway companies to make returns of accidents which are not of a public nature.

By the foregoing returns it appears that the number of railway accidents has considerably diminished, as out of 204 accidents which occurred between August, 1840, and December, 1841, 125 took place in the past year, and 79 in the preceding five months; a relative decrease of exactly one-third.

Taking the number of passengers carried by the various railways in 1841 at double the number given for the first six months, or at 18,245,226, the accidents amount to 1 in 145,963; and it may be remarked, that a large proportion of these occurred from slips in the embankments occasioned by continual wet weather.

A diminution has taken place in the accidents resulting from the collisions which have arisen chiefly from mismanagement or defective arrangements. A great proportion of the accidents which occurred in the end of 1840 and the beginning of 1841 were of this nature, no fewer than 17 accidents having occurred in eight months, from August, 1840, to April, 1841, from the single cause of collisions by trains or engines overtaking others travelling on the same line. During the nine months, from April, 1841, to January, 1842, only five collisions of this nature occurred, and those, with one exception, unattended with fatal consequences.

This diminution in the number of collisions appears too great to be the result of accident, and may fairly be attributed, in a considerable degree, to the more general adoption of the precautions suggested by the inspector-general—viz., the erection of proper fixed signals at stations, the adoption of a better description of tail lamps and hand signals, and the enforcement of more attention to signals on the part of servants. The returns of the past year also shew a marked diminution in the number of serious accidents occasioned by the misconduct of engine drivers. In the last five months of 1840 seven accidents occurred, by which 8 were killed and 31 injured; and in 1841 only three accidents occurred, by which two persons were killed and three injured.

This decrease may be attributed to the beneficial results of more extended experience, and to the measures taken by several railway companies to raise the character of the engine drivers.

By a strange mistake in the drawing up of certain clauses in the acts of various railway companies, obliging them, under a penalty, to keep the gates at level crossings closed *across the railway*, instead of *across the road*, accidents of a serious nature have occurred. In two instances, upon the Hull and Selby and Newcastle and Carlisle Railways, the lives of the gatekeepers fell a

sacrifice to the former plan, which the directors felt themselves obliged to adopt.

From the returns made by the different railway companies, it appears that there are 605 six-wheel engines and 234 four-wheel engines, traversing an extent of 1330½ miles. A general opinion is entertained that four-wheel engines are rather more unsteady, and subject to oscillatory movements, and especially to vertical movements, which, in extreme cases, may lead to jumping off the rails; while, on the other hand, six-wheel engines are thought to be less adapted for going round sharp curves: and this opinion is in some measure borne out by the fact, that three accidents occurred to the four-wheel engines out of the total number of 224 engines of this description, arising from their having run off of the line, while no accident occurred to the six-wheel engines in this mode.

"The circumstance, however, that the two railways which, in proportion to their amount of passenger traffic, have been most free from serious accidents—viz., the London and Birmingham and the Grand Junction, use in the one case four-wheel and in the other six-wheel engines exclusively, appears quite sufficient to shew that any attempt at legislative interference to enforce the adoption of any peculiar construction of engine would be, in the present state of experience upon the subject, altogether misplaced."

It appears from the returns given in the Appendix to the Report, that the practice of running tender foremost is universally pronounced to be dangerous, and that a very general opinion is expressed against propelling trains by an engine from behind where it can be avoided.—*Journal of the Statistical Society of London.*

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

THE King, Louis Philippe, is now about sixty-six years of age. His constitution, however, is vigorous, and there are no marks of declining years about him. His frame is large, but there is much ease in his movements, and his whole carriage is marked by that happy address which good taste, and the polished society where he has moved, have enabled him to acquire. His countenance is striking and expressive, and displays the possession of great intellectual power. He belongs to that small class of men, the individuals composing which you cannot meet in a crowd, or pass in the street, without turning round to regard them, and involuntarily asking yourself, who they are. All the engravings representing him give a likeness more or less just, because his is one of those faces which the painter cannot well mistake. He speaks and writes English as fluently as any Englishman or American; and I understand

he possesses as familiar a knowledge of most of the modern languages. He is very ready in conversation, and displays great tact and judgment in his observations. His education was most complete and careful, and superintended by the celebrated Madame de Genlis. It is said to have been eminently useful and practical, and he was thus fortunately the better prepared for those adverse circumstances with which his early life was chequered. In his domestic relations he is eminently happy; and as a husband, brother, and father, he is without reproach. In the execution of his public duties, he is said to be prompt and attentive; and in illustration of his conscientious application to his functions, I will mention an anecdote, upon the truth of which you can depend. Mr. Stevenson, our Minister in England, had heard a report, coming from a distinguished French statesman, that in all questions affecting the life of a man the King was exceedingly scrupulous, and made a point of examining the papers with remarkable fidelity. Some extraordinary occurrence called this gentleman to the palace at a late hour in the night—as late, indeed, I think, as two o'clock—when he found the King in his cabinet, examining, with his usual caution, the case of a man condemned to execution. Mr. Stevenson, in the course of conversation with the King, alluded to this circumstance, and found the statement substantially correct. He ascertained afterwards, and from another quarter, that the King keeps a register, in which is recorded the name of every person condemned to capital punishment, together with the decision, and the reasons which led to the confirmation of the sentence, or to its remission. In the still hours of the night, the King performs the painful task of investigating these cases, with the just sentiments of a man upon whom weighs the responsibility of the question of the life or death of a fellow creature. And he records, himself, the circumstances which influence his decision. It is a noble example, and one which ought to be followed by all magistrates, monarchical or republican, called to fulfil this painful duty.—*France, its King, &c., by an American.*

The Gatherer.

India.—The Government of India have lately sent an officer, Lieutenant Macpherson, to observe some practices of the "Khouds," a race occupying the mountainous region of the Gangam and Cattack districts. They worship the "Bera Pennoo," or Earth-god, and believe that the earth was uncultivated and unstable till this deity ordered human blood to be spilled before him, on which it became firm and

productive. Under this creed, the Khoud thinks that every field must be enriched with human blood, both at sowing and harvest, and Hindoo victims are yearly purchased for this express immolation. They are torn to pieces, while living, by the crowd, and their blood sprinkled about. The Government considers itself morally bound to stop these proceedings, but military occupation of the country is almost impossible.

The Great Britain, or Mamoth iron steam ship, at present building at Bristol, will, it is hoped, be the most perfect, as she will be the largest, steamer in existence. Her length is 324 feet, breadth 51 feet, depth of hold 32 feet, registered tonnage 3200, which exceeds the registered tonnage of any two steam-ships in the world. She will have room for 1000 tons of coal, 1200 tons of merchandise, and 360 passengers; each will be provided with a separate bed. The principal saloon will be 108 feet by 32, in height 8 feet 3 inches. She is to be fitted with four engines of 250 horse power each, and propelled by the screw, with such improvements as have been suggested by experiments made with the Archimides in the autumn of 1841. The Great Britain will have six masts, and the canvas composing her several sails will be sufficient to cover an area of three quarters of an acre. Her average speed is expected to be 13 miles an hour. With the exception of her deck and cabins, she will be entirely constructed of iron, and will be ready for sea early next spring.

Public Gardens.—Mr. Joseph Strutt, of Derby, has presented to that town a public garden of eleven acres, which has been so laid out by Mr. Loudon as to give the advantage of a walk of two miles, and the interest afforded by an arboretum displaying the specimens of a thousand shrubs and plants. The plan of laying out this public ground so as to make the most of the space appears to be one deserving peculiar attention. A copy of it has been appended to the report on the sanitary condition of the labouring population of Great Britain. The Duke of Norfolk has expressed an intention, as some leases are out, to bestow fifty acres for the use of Sheffield as a public garden.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"J. E." "E." "U. U." "T. H." "A. V." "P. N." "W. R." "S. R." "G. H." "QUE," declined, with thanks.
A packet is at our publisher's for "Hope."
"M. S.'s" article has been unavoidably delayed.

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